



OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN.

THE CATTLE MALADY.

From the Massachusetts papers we learn that the terrible cattle plague for some time prevalent in North Brookfield and its vicinity, called pleuropneumonia, instead of being arrested and exterminated by the plan adopted, namely, the destruction of the entire herd wherein it makes its appearance, is still extending its limits and increasing in its virulence. The whole number of cattle condemned, thus far, by the State Commissioners, is stated to be 580, and the number slaughtered, 400. The Boston Journal states that three-fourths of all the stock in North Brookfield have been exposed to the contagion. The infected district is contained within a radius of only about three miles, but includes most of the principal stock farms of the town. This region presents a sad and desolate appearance indeed. Scarcely an animal is to be seen in the fields or pastures, and the consequence is a general stagnation of farming operations. To heighten the melancholy appearance of these farms, almost every field exhibits a huge graving to receive the carcasses of the animals as they are slaughtered.

The disease has also made its appearance in Sturbridge, where three herds have been exposed. The animals will all be destroyed by order of the Commissioners.

A public meeting was held in N. Brookfield on Wednesday last, which was attended by the State Commissioners, delegates from the several Agricultural Societies in the State, members of the Board of Agriculture, and by other gentlemen interested in stock-growing and agricultural operations generally.

The Chairman, Rev. C. C. Sewall, a member of the Board, stated that the disease was assuming a more virulent type, owing to the influence of the warm weather, and that the Boston and Brighton markets had been seriously affected by it. He said that in Europe, within the last century, about one hundred millions of cattle had been destroyed by the disease, and it had only been kept in check by the aid of government.

Several gentlemen addressed the meeting, among them Mr. Peters, a member of the Board, and Dr. Burnett of Southboro'—the former of whom had subscribed \$1000 to a guaranty fund for the suppression of the disease, and the latter \$500. Professor Clark of Amherst, submitted a preamble and series of resolutions which were adopted, as follows:

Whereas, the terrible cattle disease, or pleuropneumonia, is now raging with alarming effect in North Brookfield and vicinity, and threatens to spread rapidly over the State and country; and

Whereas, it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that the disease is entirely contagious, that every herd containing a single infected animal, the others almost invariably become diseased;

Whereas, the disease is infectious and infectious in its character, often assuming a low and chronic form, and producing little if any perceptible effect for months upon the general health of the animal, and at other times developing itself with great rapidity; and

Whereas, notwithstanding apparent cures have been effected for a time, the disease has not been eradicated; and, in Europe, after an experience of two hundred years, the indiscriminate slaughter of all affected animals is the usual method relied upon for arresting the progress of this terrible scourge; and

Whereas, the approach of the warm season appears to hasten the development of the disease in animals which have long been affected by it in its chronic form; and the distribution of the cattle in the pastures will soon render it utterly impossible to prevent the universal spread of the disease; and

Resolved, That a guaranty fund of at least \$50,000 ought to be subscribed at once by the people of the Commonwealth to enable the Commissioners to prosecute their labors. This fund to be called for only in case the next Legislature refuse to make the necessary appropriation.

Resolved, That subscription papers for the guaranty fund should immediately be distributed in all parts of the Commonwealth, that those persons who desire to secure the extinction of the disease, which is still believed feasible, may have an opportunity to do so.

The following is a description of the disease and its symptoms, as they have thus far been manifested:

The locality of the disease, as its name denotes, (pleuropneumonia) is in the lining membrane of the thoracic cavity, and in the chorionic viscera. It is probable that the disease is really a disease of the lungs merely, and that the pleura or contiguous membranes are affected merely by sympathy.

If an autopsy be made of an animal laboring from the disease, the cavity of the chest is discovered to contain a quantity of diseased serum, the effusion of the affected pleura; and the lungs are seen to be solidified, filled with lymph and of the dark color of venous or unoxigenated blood, instead of being porous and of a pink color.

From this solidification and the dark color, physicians have agreed that the lungs do not act naturally in the elimination of carbonic acid and the absorption of oxygen into the blood, and as by degrees the blood gets poorer and poorer, has less and less vitality in it, the animal must die, just as a person must when shut up with a pan of charcoal in a close room.

Those parts of the animal's body whose transparency permits the color of the blood to be seen, day by day become darker; the eyelids, naturally pink, become scarlet, crimson, purple, as the disease progresses. Nature endeavors to make up for the diseased vitality of the blood by sending more frequent supplies to different parts of the body, and the pulse becomes more rapid, the respirations become more frequent, but to the healthy part of the lungs have to do the work of the unsound part; the animal makes efforts by coughing, to remove the choking lymph from the lungs. In the early stages of these symptoms the disease is said to be curable, but when they have become very marked, the appetite is lost, the creature no longer chews the cud, a sort of fever and chilliness is in, one part of the body may be cold and another hot, the breath becomes fetid, and the respirations have fearfully increased (even to as many as fifty in a minute), pressure on the withers or ribs above the lungs causes the animal

to cringe as if in pain, a mucous discharge flows from the nostrils, and at last the difficulty of breathing becomes so great that the attempt at respiration is made with the nose braced against some firm position, and all the muscles are brought into play to draw a single breath, and then death ensues.

DIFFERENCE IN FOOD DIFFERENCE IN MANURE.

We have read with much interest an article in the *Genesee Farmer*, by the able editor of that paper, on the difference in the value of manure from different kinds of food. His remarks are based on experiments made by his friend Lawes, of England, who has made out a table expressing, in a condensed form, the results of his experiments and analysis. We feel, perhaps, more interest in these results than usual, for, some years since we were most essentially ridiculed and scoffed at for asserting, in an agricultural meeting, that there was a very marked difference in manure from the same animal when fed on different food. Some older and more experienced persons in the meeting pronounced us to be a "book farmer, more precise than wise."

The tabular statement, as quoted by the *Genesee Farmer* from Mr. Lawes, stands thus:

Estimated value, in money, of the manure from 1 ton of food.	
1. Rape cake,	\$27 86
2. Rape cake,	21 01
3. Lined cake,	19 72
4. Malt dist,	18 21
5. Lentils,	16 51
6. Linseed,	15 65
7. Barley,	15 75
8. Beans,	15 75
9. Peas,	13 38
10. Linseed cake,	4 81 (?)
11. Oats,	7 08
12. Wheat,	6 85
13. Indian corn,	6 85
14. Malt,	6 32
15. Barley,	6 32
16. Meadow hay,	6 43
17. Oat straw,	2 90
18. Wheat straw,	2 28
19. Barley straw,	2 25
20. Potatoes,	1 50
21. Mangels,	1 07
22. Turnips,	9 21
23. Common turnips,	8 86
24. Turnips,	8 86

This valuation is based on the prices of manure in England, where it is probably higher than in Maine, but the relative value of each is shown just as well. For instance, manure made from feeding clover hay is worth a third more than that from "meadow hay," by which is meant, upland hay, or what is sometimes called with us, English hay.

The manure from feed of roots is pretty low in the scale, on account of the large per centage of water they contain.

FLORAL EXHIBITION IN PORTLAND.

We had the pleasure, last Tuesday evening, of attending the Floral Exhibition of the Portland Horticultural Society. This is the first one ever held by this young but vigorous association. It was held in Lancaster Hall, and, all things considered, was an excellent one.

The Society has thus made a fine beginning, and the seal thus successfully awakened, will work out for that community directly, and to the State indirectly, an immense amount of good. The results of such exhibitions are valuable both to the body and soul, inasmuch as they promote the health of both—health to the body, by the pleasing exercises that the culture and arrangement of them require, and health to the soul, by the unalloyed enjoyment they give and the ameliorating influences they have.

The first employment of man, in the days of his purity and innocence, was amidst the fruits and flowers of the garden, and it was not till the hour of his disobedience that he was doomed to wrestle with the thorns and briars of both the physical and the moral world.

We wish this Society a full tide of prosperity. Portland has lain dormant, in respect to Horticulture, too long already. Her energies have been almost wholly absorbed in commercial enterprises and the making herself the central point of important internal improvements. Now that she has succeeded, and is beginning to reap the fruits of her toils and sacrifices in these things, she can well afford to turn her attention to the intellectual and peaceable enjoyment of fruits and flowers, which will spring up, as if by magic, in her gardens, green houses and conservatories.

The substantial of life are already here; let her pursue with equal zeal those emblems of unalloyed innocence which God offers as the reward of well directed industry and taste in the garden and the field, and beauty as well as strength will characterize her city and her people.

COST OF HORSE FEED.

The *Tribune* says that the Third Avenue R. R. Company, in New York City, employs about seven hundred horses.

Such a drove of horses must consume a large amount of food, and of course it is an object for their keepers, while they supply them with sufficient food to give them strength and vigor, to study economy and feed them accordingly.

The writer states that the daily allowance is: hay, 14 lbs.; meal, 14 to 16 lbs. The hay, he says, is the best of timothy (or herdsgrass), always cut, or chopped, as some call it, and moistened, and then thoroughly incorporated with the meal, and always slightly salted before feeding, but never allowed to ferment. Several men are kept constantly employed, night and day, mixing this feed, so as to have it fresh and sweet.

The meal is generally made of the best quality of Indian corn, varied occasionally by mixing oat meal or shipstuffs (shorts), and such other variations as may be required when a horse is off his feed.

Now let us calculate what this allowance will amount to in a year: Fourteen pounds of hay per day, will amount to a ton over two tons and a half per year. This is not a very large amount of hay. Allowing a bushel of corn meal to weigh fifty pounds, and you give, on an average, each day fifty pounds, (which is little over a third of a bushel), you will use up a little over one hundred bushels, or say, one hundred and ten bushels. This, farmers will think, rather large feeding.

The cost can now be easily estimated according to the price of the hay and grain in the locality where you live.

Fish-Oil, rubbed upon the body and branches of fruit trees, is said to kill bark lice.

LOOK OUT FOR THE BUGS!



This warm dry weather that we have had since the month came in, is first-rate for promoting the growth of "bugs," and you may safely expect a full swarm of that little striped rascal who seems to take it for granted that man was made to plant cucumbers and squashes for his "use and behoof." At any rate, he will take possession of them before they are up, unless you fence him out. A very cheap and effectual mode of doing this, is to use Bates' Plant Protector, a sketch of which you see above. They were invented, and we believe patented, by Caleb Bates, Esq., of Kingston, Mass. They are very light, easily managed, and when not required for use, may be folded up and will require but little room for storage.

The fencing out system is an effectual mode of prevention, but gardeners ought also to adopt some mode of extermination. What is the use of permitting them to multiply "ad infinitum," as philosophers say. Let the chickens, and young ducks, and turkeys do the work—build little bonfires in the evening, and set pans of sweetened water about—"burn, sink and destroy" them in every way, shape and manner possible.

BEE-KEEPERS' CONVENTION.

This is an age of Conventions, and so, in order to be up with the requirements of the times, the Bee-Keepers,—probably getting "a bee in their bonnets,"—have just held a Convention in Ohio, where they discussed the "sweets of life" and the best mode of promoting the prosperity and welfare of Beedom throughout the Union.

The Hartford *Homeside* gives the following condensed report of their sayings and doings:

"The Bee-Keepers of Ohio have recently had an interesting Convention, which was attended by many of the most successful apirians of the West. The question of feeding was discussed. One gentleman advocated destroying the bees of an old weak swarmer. He fed by placing pieces of comb in the upper boxes."

Mr. Merriam said his profits from bee-keeping exceeded that from any other kind of farm stock. He fed good honey to his bees when it was necessary to feed any.

Mr. Sturtevant considered that feeding bees for the purpose of producing marketable honey, is a short road to the poor-house for the bee-keeper, and gave a short account of the period during which honey is gathered. Strong swarms, by the first of May, will always collect sufficient stores. When, through improper division of swarms at a late season, a swarm proves light, it should be fed, or united with another swarm; feeding by placing frames filled with comb and honey is the best.

Mr. Langstroth approved in general of Mr. S. S. views, with a few exceptions. The idea that poor feed can be turned into good honey, is a stupendous swindle. Honey derived from different sources, has each its distinctive characteristics.

In relation to bees addicted to robbing, Mr. Langstroth thought that if a bee once gets into the habit of stealing, it will always steal, as long as it has an opportunity, even unto the day of its death. Robber bees are easily known. They don't approach the hive like honest bees, but approach and then retire in a suspicious manner.

He would recommend that whenever a swarm endeavors to rob another, it is best to close the latter; when the robbers cluster in masses on the outside, sprinkle them with cold water, and keep sprinkling them, and they will go home cooled off.

Mr. Langstroth and Mr. Sturtevant agreed that it is not the poor, weak swarmer that become robbers, but the old strong swarms that have their hives stocked with honey. Mr. S. would cut down a comb and let the honey run in the robbers' hive at home.

As a substitute for bee-bread or pollen, Mr. Sturtevant had used unbleached rye flour. In one day, his bees had taken up as much as 60 lbs. His method of using this is to take a wide board with slits about two inches deep nailed all round and placed in a warm sheltered situation, and on that place the flour.

Mr. Langstroth said that rye flour is used to a great extent in some parts of Europe. Breeding is sometimes swarmed in swarms from the want of pollen, as such swarms are usually deficient in the supply of bee-bread. In his opinion, artificial pollen is not equal to the genuine article.

The question of swarming was next considered. Mr. Langstroth said, that for ignorant persons, natural swarming is the best; but in the hands of intelligent bee-keepers, artificial swarming is preferable. The watching for the swarming of bees is avoided in the latter case. It is far more profitable, even with the common box hive. Swarms seldom leave large apiaries, and it is seldom that a swarm can pass over such.

In regard to bee-houses, the generally expressed opinion was that they were objectionable, principally from the loss of young queens when they leave the hive for the purpose of meeting the drones, as they are apt, on their return, to enter the wrong hive, and be there killed, and the consequent decay of the queenless swarm; and it was warmly urged to scatter the hives, placing one hive under this tree, and another hive under that, and thus keep the bees scattered. It requires a scientific bee-keeper to use a bee-house successfully.

KENNEBEC COUNTY AG. SOCIETY.

The report of the Committee of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society on Crops, of last year, was handed in some months ago, but was misplaced. We publish the awards now on the principle of "better late than never."

The competitors were few, and of course the awards must correspond:

On crop of oats, Daniel H. Thing, Mr. Vernon; do. barley, Francis Hoyt, Winthrop; do. carrots, H. S. Nickerson, Readfield.

To destroy pin worms in horses. Mix a Gill of clear wood ashes with oat feed, and give to the horse every other day for a week, and watch the result. If you observe small white streaks about the anus, continue the dose a week longer.—N. E. Farmer.

UNITED STATES AG. SOCIETY.

We have received No. 1 of Vol. VII. of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*. This is the organ of the United States Ag. Society. It is published every quarter in Washington, D. C., and edited by the Secretary of the Society, B. Perley Poor, who means to make a work of it worthy of the society and the cause he advocates.

Perley works well and both he and the society ought to be better sustained than they are. It is meet and proper that we should have a National Agricultural Society—that its location should be in Washington—that it should have a journal or organ of communication, and the Secretary be the editor, and that the United States Government should give it a helping hand; but we are sorely tempted to say that an application to the members of Congress for aid or favor bears some resemblance to the "casting of pearls before swine." They would be as likely to turn and send you to hell.

An agricultural society, to be prosperous and efficient should be void of party politics. Can anything, wanting in that exciting and pernicious element, prosper in Washington? A title, may the hundredth part of a title of the money and energy corruptly squandered there for party power would, if applied to the fostering of the U. S. Ag. Society, make it the most flourishing and useful society in the world.

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

At a time when the agricultural interests of the State engross the attention of the people to a somewhat more than usual degree—when our Legislators are becoming sensible in a measure of their duty relative to the farming interests of the State, it is not only proper, but highly essential to their prosperity, that farmers inquire what their condition is as a class, whether in the application of the principles of science in the cultivation of the soil by a thorough investigation of the principles upon which the growth of all the vegetable kingdom depends, farmers have not derived a very essential benefit. That farming is the most prominent occupation of the people of the State, and upon the successive prosecution of which the vital interests of the State depend, no one will question.

Considering the large share of the State tax paid by farmers, it is very proper and just, that while our Legislature is donating money for the good of different institutions, farmers should ask for, and receive pecuniary aid to advance the interests of their field labor. Assistance is justly due them. A sum of money so appropriated would be a much greater source of good to the State, than to feed wrangling politicians.

There is an instructive lesson in the sentiments entertained by the Hindoos relative to the respect and veneration with which the different castes of society are regarded, as told by Mr. Gangooly the Brahmin. The utility of their occupation was the criterion by which they were deemed fitted to enter the different grades of society, and while the blacksmith, the farmer, those who contributed by their labors to the general good of mankind were treated with the profoundest regard, the poor banker, so low was he in their estimation, he was beneath their notice. Their ideas were the intuitive results of their native simplicity.

Farmers in looking back with view to the improvements made in farming, all must concede that the application of the principles of science has been attended with the most beneficial results. Were the farmers of the present day to manage their farms in the manner in which the farmers of only fifty years ago then conducted theirs, probably we should not find farming a very lucrative employment. Then the soil possessed most of its natural fertility, the seed was cast into the ground, and without excessive stimulants, a good harvest was the result. The tillers of the new and fertile soil were satisfied with things as they existed. That they reaped rich and bountiful harvests was sufficient to satisfy their desires, while the principles of science which brought about the results—which are involved in the successful growth of the staple crops, as well as the humblest flowers—were things which they slightly noticed. Baron Humboldt, who died about a year since, wrote the greatest work upon Geology and Geography extant. Although he had witnessed Nature in its grandest sublimity, when all the elements in their mighty power proclaimed with a voice of thunder their great Author, yet, although he had beheld creation in its most enchanting beauty, yet he, whom all of us persons we should suppose to be most forward in the acknowledgment of their Author, failed "to look through Nature, to Nature God," and was almost atheistic in his belief. So engrossed was he with the glories, the wonderful phenomena of Creation, that he did not look beyond to the great Source of all things. So the farmers of years ago were satisfied with the results of their labors, and were not particularly anxious to look farther to investigate scientific causes. But the Bank of mother earth will not always discount upon the stock in trade is kept good. The soil deteriorates for a want of nourishment, and hence arises a necessity for study and investigation of the properties of the soil, and of the functions and attributes of different crops—a necessity for economy in saving the stimulants which every farmer finds in various substances, and which heretofore was considered useless, or was not applied from the little faith in their virtues.

Who that travels through the country can fail to observe the evidences of prosperity, and an improvement in the taste for ornament. The well-painted house, the neatly arranged garden, the fence of a tasty pattern, are all notable marks of refinement among farmers. The orchard of grafted fruit of almost every variety—grafted very likely by the owner of the orchard himself, is surely a great advancement in that branch of farming. Do we go into the market, we find almost every kind of the smaller fruits, and of the best quality—strawberries, blackberries, gooseberries—not, as the *Free Press* man asserts, raised by fancy farmers with gloved hands, but by hard-working, persevering men—those who by experience and experiment have succeeded in their enterprise.

An idea has prevailed in years past that farming was the peculiar sphere of the illiterate, or those whose natural gifts did not fit them for a different sphere of action. But that idea in a great measure is dismissed. Of all occupations there is no one which presents a greater field for investigation and study, than does farming; and these are sure signs of the realization of this truth, in a great measure among farmers.

C. W. Boothby.
Saco, March 24th, 1860.

THE HARROW.

There is no implement on the farms of this State that has hitherto made a show of doing so much work as the harrow, and no device could be worse for all the purposes for which they are used, than the article we have had. Were it beneficial to our tillage, to have the soil packed much harder than in its natural condition, then the action of the common harrow—tooth and the tread of the team would be the most effective means to accomplish it on the large scale.

We have for years been looking for the implement that should supersede the common harrow; and now that the thing is done, it seems to us very strange that it was not accomplished sooner. Thus I thought while using the "Cultivator Harrow" to-day, and as my team has done more than the real work it could have accomplished with the old harrow, I can sit down and pen a short article to brother Craftsmen, and with gained time to spare.

Early in last month I was on the beautiful farm of the noted farmer in West Danville, and there saw the trial of his new "Cultivator Harrow" on his light soil. It worked to perfection. This is the harrow that received the vote of preference by the crowd at a County Fair last fall, where both the above named were on trial. If the Cultivator Harrow has any fault, it is in its inclination to work deep, rendering it of heavy draft for an ordinary team.

Since obtaining my Cultivator Harrow a man has shown me a harrow tooth which he claims as being a better one than mine, and he claims that the one I have bought is an infringement on his patent.

So it is in proof that I have got the worst harrow of the three. Well, gentlemen, settle your contentions as best you can, but bring along your harrows. Farmers will buy them at fair prices, and will no more go back to the old implement than they would think of adopting a Mexican plow.

If I have the worst of the three harrows, I am so well pleased with my acquisition as to wish the manufacturers may sell thousands, provided always they infringe not on others' rights.

Foscroft, May 5, 1860.

KEEPING HOGS.

Which is the most profitable method? Mechi keeps them on a floor of slate without litter, and lets all excrement fall into a reservoir below. Some good farmers keep them on a good bed of mud, straw or other litter—mode of feeding and kind of trough not mentioned.

In conversation with a friend from the western part of the State, a method new to me, and possessing some advantages, was named as practiced by good agricultural authority. This is: to have a floor air tight, with what doctor Kane terms "Korren-Broccin," viz.—leaves and what is mixed with it; then for a trough cut a hole in the floor.

Now the simplicity of this arrangement and the manner in which the food will make room for itself in the trough, and on the other hand, the way the trough will cool and dilute the food to an eatable state, all commend it. Please give your opinion of its durability and economy, and its many other advantages which I could mention if my paper was larger.

QUESTIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—As I have been a subscriber for a number of years, I want to ask some questions, and know of no better way than through your paper.

1st. What will cure a wolf on an ox jaw?

2d. Is horse manure good for apple trees, or what is the best manure for them. If you will inform me you will oblige your friend

M. T.
Palermo, May 4, 1860.

NORX 1. What is called a "Wolf on the jaw" is a disease of the bone (nervous). It is sometimes caused by an ulcerated tooth. In such cases extracting the tooth will effect a cure, but not always. They are seldom cured.

2. Horse manure composed with muck or good loam, with ash, salt or old lime, and plaster is good for apple trees. We think ash, lime and muck make excellent manure for orchards.

MAPLE SUGAR.

The *Scientific Artisan* contains the following brief, but excellent suggestions relative to sugar-making:—"It is impossible to make good maple sugar unless the sap is boiled soon after it runs. If it is allowed to sour in the least, the iron vessel in which it is boiled will darken the color of the sugar, giving it a disagreeable taste, and very injurious to the health of those who use it. Never allow the sap to burn on the top of the kettle, and every time you fill it up wash it off. You can remedy this by setting your kettle in an arch, leaving a part of your kettle down as low as the line of division between fire and no fire. Never allow your syrup to stand over night. Make your syrup so thick that one quart will make one pound of sugar, and let it get perfectly cool before you sugar off. Stir in a little milk, then keep it over a moderate fire until it is skimmed, and be careful not to burn it afterward. Stir the sugar while it is cooling, until perfectly dry or broken, or make it into lumps at pleasure. Never pour hot sugar into wooden vessels."

To keep out insects from vines. It is observed that an English journal puts forth the statement that the common elder bush scattered among cucumber and melon vines, will keep off the bugs which infest them.

great measure is dismissed. Of all occupations there is no one which presents a greater field for investigation and study, than does farming; and these are sure signs of the realization of this truth, in a great measure among farmers.

C. W. Boothby.

Saco, March 24th, 1860.

THE HARROW.

There is no implement on the farms of this State that has hitherto made a show of doing so much work as the harrow, and no device could be worse for all the purposes for which they are used, than the article we have had. Were it beneficial to our tillage, to have the soil packed much harder than in its natural condition, then the action of the common harrow—tooth and the tread of the team would be the most effective means to accomplish it on the large scale.

We have for years been looking for the implement that should supersede the common harrow; and now that the thing is done, it seems to us very strange that it was not accomplished sooner. Thus I thought while using the "Cultivator Harrow" to-day, and as my team has done more than the real work it could have accomplished with the old harrow, I can sit down and pen a short article to brother Craftsmen, and with gained time to spare.

Early in last month I was on the beautiful farm of the noted farmer in West Danville, and there saw the trial of his new "Cultivator Harrow" on his light soil. It worked to perfection. This is the harrow that received the vote of preference by the crowd at a County Fair last fall, where both the above named were on trial. If the Cultivator Harrow has any fault, it is in its inclination to work deep, rendering it of heavy draft for an ordinary team.

Since obtaining my Cultivator Harrow a man has shown me a harrow tooth which he claims as being a better one than mine, and he claims that the one I have bought is an infringement on his patent.

So it is in proof that I have got the worst harrow of the three. Well, gentlemen, settle your contentions as best you can, but bring along your harrows. Farmers will buy them at fair prices, and will no more go back to the old implement than they would think of adopting a Mexican plow.

If I have the worst of the three harrows, I am so well pleased with my acquisition as to wish the manufacturers may sell thousands, provided always they infringe not on others' rights.

Foscroft, May 5, 1860.

KEEPING HOGS.

Which is the most profitable method? Mechi keeps them on a floor of slate without litter, and lets all excrement fall into a reservoir below. Some good farmers keep them on a good bed of mud, straw or other litter—mode of feeding and kind of trough not mentioned.

In conversation with a friend from the western part of the State, a method new to me, and possessing some advantages, was named as practiced by good agricultural authority. This is: to have a floor air tight, with what doctor Kane terms "Korren-Broccin," viz.—leaves and what is mixed with it; then for a trough cut a hole in the floor.

Now the simplicity of this arrangement and the manner in which the food will make room for itself in the trough, and on the other hand, the way the trough will cool and dilute the food to an eatable state, all commend it. Please give your opinion of its durability and economy, and its many other advantages which I could mention if my paper was larger.

QUESTIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—As I have been a subscriber for a number of years, I want to ask some questions, and know of no better way than through your paper.

1st. What will cure a wolf on an ox jaw?

2d. Is horse manure good for apple trees, or what is the best manure for them. If you will inform me you will oblige your friend

M. T.
Palermo, May 4, 1860.

NORX 1. What is called a "Wolf on the jaw" is a disease of the bone (nervous). It is sometimes caused by an ulcerated tooth. In such cases extracting the tooth will effect a cure, but not always. They are seldom cured.

2. Horse manure composed with muck or good loam, with ash, salt or old lime, and plaster is good for apple trees. We think ash, lime and muck make excellent manure for orchards.

MAPLE SUGAR.

The *Scientific Artisan* contains the following brief, but excellent suggestions relative to sugar-making:—"It is impossible to make good maple sugar unless the sap is boiled soon after it runs. If it is allowed to sour in the least, the iron vessel in which it is boiled will darken the color of the sugar, giving it a disagreeable taste, and very injurious to the health of those who use it. Never allow the sap to burn on the top of the kettle, and every time you fill it up wash it off. You can remedy this by setting your kettle in an arch, leaving a part of your kettle down as low as the line of division between fire and no fire. Never allow your syrup to stand over night. Make your syrup so thick that one quart will make one pound of sugar, and let it get perfectly cool before you sugar off. Stir in a little milk, then keep it over a moderate fire until it is skimmed, and be careful not to burn it afterward. Stir the sugar while it is cooling, until perfectly dry or broken, or make it into lumps at pleasure. Never pour hot sugar into wooden vessels."

To keep out insects from vines. It is observed that an English journal puts forth the statement that the common elder bush scattered among cucumber and melon vines, will keep off the bugs which infest them.

DROUGHT AND RAIN.

The people prayed for



THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1890.

THE DROUTH.

For a spring season the present one has been the most singular that "the oldest man among us" has ever known, and he is a very knowing old fellow. Spring rains, May showers, and spring freshets, have been until 1860 an inseparable part and parcel of the weather programme. But this year, the clerk of the weather, either by accident or design has left them out altogether. The consequence is a very dry time—a drouth which begins to have a serious look. We say begins to look serious. In the first of it, the absence of rain was not much cared for. The snow went off gradually and quietly by the heat of the sun. As it came on early, in fact before the ground had frozen, and as it lay on all winter, the ground did not freeze at all, consequently the moisture occasioned by the melting snow sank into the soil and kept it at a fair degree of moisture. The mere surface only became dry as so to make it dusty traveling. Even now, with us, the earth is not dry very far down, but the surface begins to be parched, and the springs and streams to run low. The grass does not push forward as fast as it "should" if it were showing its head, it is a little "hydrophobic" stimulus occasionally, and farmers begin to fancy light hay crops and lean hay mows in the future.

We have had but little rain in Maine since the memorable storm in September, during Cattle Show week. As it is, farmers have had a capital time to put their land in good order for crops, and it has become warmed up nicely. A series of gentle rains would, without doubt, give a start to vegetation that would afford us lively hopes of a fat harvest.

We thought, last Sunday, they were coming. It was warm and sultry, and about noon the "thunder heads" in the west began to loom up, and a roll of thunder made everybody "glad of it." But the clouds seemed in doubt which way to move; a part "seeded" and went south, and a part remained stationary while and then went north, so that what influences they were divided and became "sectional" and not general. In some locations they were cheered up by a copious shower, while others looked on without a drop, except it might be a tear in the eye at the disappointment. However, we rejoice that somebody got "wet down," and hope that if the drouth is "broke," we shall all have a chance to spread our umbrellas under comfortable showers and seasonal and genial rains on suitable occasions during the rest of the season. In the meantime, let us put in the crops, and trust with confidence that a kind Providence will give us "bouncing" harvest and a joyous gathering of it into crowded granaries in autumn.

STRAIN PLOWING. Much has been said of late in relation to plowing by steam power, and many experiments have been made. In Maine such plowing is not likely to be very extensively introduced, yet its successful operation is a matter of interest even to us. During the Fair at Philadelphia last fall an attempt, said to be quite successful, was made with a newly patented plow, but we gather from the *Chicago Farmer*, that the first really successful experiment has just been made in that State, where the "Water Steam Plow" broke up seventy acres of water-struck prairie land at the rate of two and a quarter acres per hour, and at the cost of about \$9 a day. The ordinary price heretofore paid for the first breaking of the tough prairie has been about \$3 per acre.

This plow turns a land of furrow of about twenty feet wide, and six or eight inches deep, with its monstrous gang of thirteen plows attached. Improvements may yet be needed and made, but the great fact of the practicability of steam plowing is established—a fact of immense importance to the western country, where this mode of plowing will undoubtedly, and in a short time greatly prevail.

WALDO COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. We learn that at a meeting of this Society, held in Belfast, May 6th, a Board of Directors were chosen, consisting of Adlai Hayford, H. N. Lancaster, Prescott Hazlett, J. D. Tucker and David Norton, with instructions to purchase and prepare the Fair Grounds for the use of the Society. The Belfast Journal says:

"It is said that we are to have one of the finest and most perfect fairs in the State. The whole will be completed by the fourth of July next, at which time we may expect to see some fast time over the new track, and that Waldo county, already famous for its fast horses, will achieve new laurels in that line. We learn that very liberal premiums will be offered for trotting, and that a very handsome and appropriate prize will be offered to be competed for by lady equestrians. This will be an entirely new feature of our Fair, and we trust, will be the means of bringing out such a show of grace and accomplishment in this line as our ladies are capable of making."

P. S. Nickerson, Esq., was chosen delegate to visit the Lincoln County Fair.

The next annual Fair of the Society will be held at Belfast, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10th, 11th and 12th.

CATTLE AND HORSES. The alarming prevalence of the cattle distemper in Massachusetts, and the apprehension which is felt of the extension of its ravages into other States, will make the following statistics interesting to our readers:

In 1890, as appears by the census returns, the value of the live stock of the whole Union was \$544,180,316. Of this, Maine had \$9,705,720. The live stock of the State of Massachusetts was \$13,228, Massachusetts \$9,647,710, Rhode Island \$1,532,631, Connecticut \$7,467,300. But the value of the stock in New York was more than \$75,000,000, in Pennsylvania more than \$41,000,000, and in the other great States proportionally large.

The number of working oxen in Maine is 83,892, being nearly double that of Massachusetts, and the number of milch cows in Vermont is 140,328, more than 16,000 greater than in Massachusetts; while the number of milch cows in New Hampshire is more than 94,000, and in Connecticut more than 85,000.

DEAR KILLED. A correspondent, Mr. M. V. McKenney of North Woodstock, writes us that on Wednesday, 21st inst., a large bear was shot by Mr. George Cushman, a farmer residing in Woodstock, while crossing the road leading from Pinhook to Bryant's Pond, about 8 o'clock in the morning. He weighed 425 lbs. He was found about 30 rods from the place where he was shot, lying as though he had died on the run, never moving after he fell.

Mr. I. H. Waterman of Derry, N. H., in a communication to the *Exeter News-Letter*, says: "I have a calf three weeks old which, twelve hours after its birth weighed 123 pounds. Two years ago, the mother of this calf gave birth to a calf which weighed 117 pounds. One year ago, the same cow gave birth to twins, both large calves. Who can beat this?"

The city authorities of Portland have appropriated \$1000 to defray the expense of preparing the Fair grounds for the use of the State Agricultural Society in September next.

NATIVE DYE-STUFFS.

We have no statistical tables or documents at hand, this moment, by which we might know what amount of dye-stuffs are imported into the United States from abroad. A moment's thought, however, will convince any one that the cost must amount to very many thousands of dollars worth in the course of a year. We have often thought of this, and as often thought that much of this expenditure among foreigners was entirely unnecessary, and that we have among us, in the bark and woods and plants of Maine, materials that would color almost every shade desired as easily, as permanently and as brilliantly as do the costly substances brought from afar.

Almost every good housewife will tell you of plants and home-found material, which she has used for coloring, and which was equal to any purchased of importers. Why are they not used, then, instead? Because they are not generally known among dyers. We contend that if they were, many of our domestic dye-stuffs would find the foreign out of the market.

We wish some of our Institutes, which have been established for the dissemination of what is known, and which are also devoted to bringing out of ignorance many facts which would be of great value, would take up this subject and make it, for a time, a specialty of their operations. Their funds, and even a small appropriation of government funds, might be well expended for the payment of chemists and practical dyers to make researches into this branch of a very practical and indispensable science. Let them study to rig out every plant, shrub or tree that may possibly give any indication of affording a dye-stuff. We think that should any individual, or any committee of individuals, pursue this research for only one year, they would discover a vast amount of coloring materials at our own doors, and some of them greatly superior to any for which high prices are paid abroad—to say nothing of the labor, cost and risks in bringing them to our shores. Is it not folly to pay immense sums of money for certain things brought from other countries, and at the same time trample under our feet an article, or articles, vastly superior for practical purposes? Who will begin this research?

The *Woodstock (N. B.) Journal* has a severe leader upon the action of the Postmaster General of the Province for discarding the head of Queen Victoria on the new first cent postage stamp, and replacing it by his own. It asserts that "the vocabulary of the English Language scarcely contains words sufficiently strong to express the shame and the disgust with which all respectable men must view this piece of gross and abominable insolence—this outrage upon propriety and decency—this last and most glaring instance of miserable meanness. This man must either be the most ignorant pretender that ever disgraced a public office, or else must be steeped in an egotism which borders on lunacy."

We would suggest for the consolation of our *Woodstock* brother, that in all probability, the Postmaster General thought it altogether quite fitting that his own head should be the subject of the pouncing and defacing of the Deputies, or it may be that it seriously injured his tender "feetings," to see the fair face of his royal sovereign so rudely battered and blackened by vulgar hands. At any rate the Postmaster General will hereafter be a very marked man.

DEATH OF HON. A. R. NICHOLS. We record this week the death of one of our well known and greatly esteemed citizens, Hon. Amos R. Nichols, who died upon the 10th inst., after a long illness, though confined to his house for only about three weeks prior. Mr. Nichols had been largely in public life until within a few years, having held the offices of Clerk of the Courts, Clerk of the House of Representatives, Secretary of State, Postmaster, and several other offices, all of which he filled with integrity and fidelity. For his kindness of heart, and urbanity of manners he was respected by all who knew him, and we are not aware that in any of his official positions, or during his long life in this city, from the cradle to the grave, his honesty of purpose, and integrity of character were ever questioned by any one. He died at the age of 63 years, leaving many friends, but no enemies.

LOSS OF AN AUGUSTA VESSEL. The schooner *Adeliza*, from Port au Prince, for New York, was taken in by the 1st inst., in a disabled condition, Capt. Prescott having been lost overboard. The crew were taken off by the brig *Delaware*, from Boston, and landed at Charleston on the 7th inst. The *Adeliza* was an A2 vessel of 115 tons register, built in this city in 1856 by the late Arno A. Bittues, and owned by Deering & Turner. Capt. Prescott was also a resident of this city, where he leaves a family. The vessel was not insured.

WE call attention to the advertisement of Mrs. Dr. PAGE. Mrs. Page is well known here as a thoroughly instructed practitioner of the water-cure system of medical treatment. She has been for several years connected with the New York Hygienic-Therapeutic College, as Professor and Lecturer, and brings with her the highest testimonials of her skill and knowledge in the treatment of female diseases. Her personal character is a sufficiently high guarantee of the fidelity with which she will discharge the duties of her profession among those who may avail themselves of her services.

The Rev. S. H. Worcester, of Gardiner, will preach in Concert Hall, Augusta, on Sunday next, at half past two o'clock, P. M., and will give the New Church views on the following subject: The Spiritual World, and the Resurrection. The public are invited. If the weather should prove unfavorable the meeting will be postponed until further notice.

RAINS. At the South and in New York there have recently been very heavy rains, causing in many places more or less damage, and raising the streams to a high pitch of water. In Baltimore numerous stone cellars have been filled to the depth of six or seven feet, and outside of the city considerable damage has been done to vegetation, fences, &c.

METEORIC. In various parts of Ohio, fifty miles separated, meteoric stones fell on the 30th ult., some of which weighed over 50 pounds each, and were embedded in the earth over two feet deep. The fall was preceded by an explosion, heard at the several places where the stones fell, and resembling thunder.

Hon. Phineas Allen, the oldest editor in the country died at Pittsfield, Mass., on the 8th inst. He was 84 years of age, and founded the *Pittsfield Sun* in 1800, of which he remained editor till his death.

REMARKABLE SHEEP STORY. The Waterville Mail expects, we presume, to be believed, when it says that a lamb was born in that town, last week, which had eight legs and two tails.

VALUABLE HORSE SOLD. Hiram Bolcher of Farmington, recently sold a fast horse to a gentleman from Winthrop, for the round sum of \$600. At a trial of speed on the track, he trotted in 2:45.

The *Toronto Globe* states that the R. O. Archbishop of Quebec is exceedingly ill, and is not expected to recover.

LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

The London correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* gives a detailed account of the newspapers in London, from which it would appear that the ancient glory of the *Times* is fast fading away, and that its circulation has dwindled down within the last few years from 59,000 to 35,000, while its decrease is no longer regarded as the laws of the world, and its monetary articles have lost much of their influence.

The writer attributes this in a great degree to the introduction within the last five years of permanent daily penny papers of high character, thus affording to Englishmen of all classes a cheap and ready access to the intelligence of the day. The cost of the *Times* is about \$25 a year, and it is on this account beyond the reach of many, though the hire of its perusal at a certain price per hour has been hitherto a regular business by newsmen. The *Telegraph*, *Star* and *Standard* are each of the size of the *Times*, and of differing characteristics in style and politics. Owing to their cheapness they penetrate all parts of the United Kingdom, and their immense circulation draws largely from the advertising patronage of the *Times*.

The writer states as another cause of this decline of the influence of the *Times*, that local parish weekly papers have arisen in London, and are sold at a penny a copy, and obtain a vast circulation. The imperiousness of the *Times*, and the fact that its leading money articles are under the control of an eminent American Banker, are also set down as reasons for its decline. Notwithstanding all that the writer states, there can be little doubt that the *Times* is still the leading journal of the world, financially and politically. John Bull does not change his habits easily or quickly, nor can the penny papers, however well conducted, readily occupy the position in Britain which they have acquired in this country. There must be a newspaper aristocracy as well as a feudal one, and while the former is sustained by the labor, cost and risks in bringing them to our shores, the *Times* will probably occupy its exalted position, though its circulation may fall off, and its patronage be curtailed by means of other and cheaper papers. The introduction of these will doubtless tend to lessen these artificial distinctions, and to liberalize the sentiments of all classes.

THE MOON. This attendant upon our earth has been a subject of speculation to the curious. The imagination has for ages found inhabitants upon its surface not unlike those upon our own planet, and the famous "moon-hoax" of a few years since found many ready to give credence to its marvellous tales. Philosophers have, however, differed upon the probabilities and possibility of its being peopled, as no satisfactory evidence of its being so has as yet been discovered. In a late number of the *Astronomical Annual*, Herr Schwabe, a distinguished German astronomer, announces the discovery of a species of vegetation in the moon, and the account is thus summed up:

"Here is the fact on which he bases his conclusion: the surface of the moon presents numerous striped lines, like so many furrows. These have been explained in a variety of ways—some considering them as dried up river beds, others as tracks left by torrents of lava, &c. Schwabe advances a quite another solution. According to him, the ridges that run down the latter lunar mountain sides present, at certain seasons, a green color, which they lose at the end of a few months. Hence he concludes that there exists a vegetation in the moon, coming at a season corresponding to our autumn. Should this interesting fact receive final authenticity, it will certainly overthrow the commonly received opinion that there is no water on the surface of the moon. For, since the vegetation seen by Schwabe is green, would not any oxygen suggest that it is the result of chemical combinations similar to those which produce the phenomena of our earthly vegetation?"

AN OLD BIBLE. The *Salem Register* says:—"We saw yesterday an old Bible printed in the year 1580, belonging to the Fowler family. It is in the old English black letter type, with marginal notes in Roman, and is quite an interesting relic. It was brought to America by Joshua Buffum, who came over from England, settled in Boston street, and built a house in the year 1638, on the land of the late Samuel Fowler. It contains also two Right profitable and fruitful Compendiums, and Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms, with apt Notes to sing them to the tune of the *Wentworth* and *Wentworth*." The *Register* says:—"The Bible is a very old one, and is quite an interesting relic. It was brought to America by Joshua Buffum, who came over from England, settled in Boston street, and built a house in the year 1638, on the land of the late Samuel Fowler. It contains also two Right profitable and fruitful Compendiums, and Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms, with apt Notes to sing them to the tune of the *Wentworth* and *Wentworth*."

WE have in our possession a copy of "Orion's Metamorphosis," printed in 1505, which has been re-bound, and therefore lacks the ancient cover, but otherwise has the marks of venerable antiquity, and on its last page the date of the last impression is printed in Roman type: "Impressum Anno Domini M. cccc. vi. die vii. Februarii."

We have also another old book, still in its ancient covers, which, though not a Bible, is a learned disquisition, in Latin, of the doctrine taught in the Bible, by *Petrus Lombard*, printed in 1576, and once owned by "Nathaniel Mather," who graduated at Harvard University in 1647, went to England, was presented to a living at Barnstable by *Oliver Cromwell* in 1650, from which he was ejected in 1662. It bears the following imprint:

"COLONIAE AGRIPINAE, Apud Iudaeum Joannem Birkmannum. Anno M. D. LXXVI."

The library of Bowdoin College contains a copy of the Bible printed in 1487, which is in a fine state of preservation.

DEATH BY POISON. At Weymouth, Mass., a great excitement was caused by the sudden death, on the evening of the 3d inst., of Miss Frances Tirrell, daughter of Mr. Wilson Tirrell, a merchant of Boston, resident at Weymouth. She retired to bed at about nine o'clock, and soon after, a younger sister, sleeping with her, observed repeated twitches of her sister's body, and inquired as to the reason, and was told by her sister that she was dying, and in half an hour she died. A younger sister had deceased about four months previously in a like sudden manner, and both were supposed to have died by a flint. The friends, desiring to ascertain if any organic disease existed, decided to have an inquest in the case of Frances, and the post mortem examination revealed the fact that the deceased was about four months advanced in pregnancy, and that her death was occasioned by strychnine. The discovery of these facts occasioned great surprise and excitement among the people, and suspicions were aroused in regard to the author of her downfall, but as yet nothing sufficiently definite to authorize the publication of names has been ascertained.

The following additional particulars of the case we find in the *Boston Journal* of Monday: "A younger daughter of Mr. Tirrell, named Mary, well educated, beautiful, and much beloved by her friends, died very suddenly, and as was supposed, of strychnine poisoning. She was engaged to be married to him at the time. Her body being out of health, Mr. Tirrell had given him a home in his family, where he has remained until very recently."

Miss Bowler, who died on the 3d inst., was about 24 years of age."

THE oldest firm in the carpet business in the United States, is said to be Messrs. Ballard & Prince of Boston, who have been engaged in the business about half a century.

THE oldest firm in the carpet business in the United States, is said to be Messrs. Ballard & Prince of Boston, who have been engaged in the business about half a century.

THE oldest firm in the carpet business in the United States, is said to be Messrs. Ballard & Prince of Boston, who have been engaged in the business about half a century.

THE oldest firm in the carpet business in the United States, is said to be Messrs. Ballard & Prince of Boston, who have been engaged in the business about half a century.

THE oldest firm in the carpet business in the United States, is said to be Messrs. Ballard & Prince of Boston, who have been engaged in the business about half a century.

THE oldest firm in the carpet business in the United States, is said to be Messrs. Ballard & Prince of Boston, who have been engaged in the business about half a century.

THE oldest firm in the carpet business in the United States, is said to be Messrs. Ballard & Prince of Boston, who have been engaged in the business about half a century.

THE BALTIMORE UNION CONVENTION.

The session of the Constitutional Union Convention commenced in Baltimore on Wednesday, the 9th inst. A large number of persons, from all parts of the country, were in attendance. Every State was represented, wholly or in part, except South Carolina and Oregon. The Convention was called to order by Hon. J. J. Crittenden of Kentucky. Hon. Washington Hunt of New York, was chosen President; nineteen Vice Presidents and eleven Secretaries were also chosen.

The proceedings were conducted, from the commencement to the close, with great good order and harmony. There was no quarrel either in regard to platforms or candidates—in fact, the idea of a platform at all was expressly repudiated, except that of the Constitution and the Union, which was generally regarded as strong enough for the new party to stand upon. The only exception to this was Gen. Leslie Combs, who seemed to be in favor of a plurality of platforms, and accordingly had tried his hand at the manufacture of the article for the occasion. He said: "He was so thoroughly impressed with the importance of a platform, that he had prepared three—for the Democratic, Republican, and Constitutional Union parties. For the harmonious Democracy he would present the Virginia resolutions of 1798-'99, with two resolutions on slavery, one to keep it out of the Territories, and one to force slavery into them—to be adopted under the previous question, and no question asked afterwards; the second for the 'irrepressible conflict' platform; he proposed the Blue Laws of Connecticut, with two modifications in regard to kissing wives on Sunday and burning witches, it being understood that all the pretty wives might be kissed and only the ugly ones burned; and the third for the Constitutional Union party he proposed—the Constitution as it is, and the Union now and forever."

The balloting for candidates took place on the second day. The result of the first ballot was as follows: Houston 57, Bell 63, Everett 25, McLean 22, Graham 22, Sharkey 6, Crittenden 28, Goggin 3, Bots 94, Rives 13—no choice. On the second ballot, Hon. John Bell of Tennessee, was nominated, having received 1384 votes out of 234 thrown. The nomination of Mr. Bell was made unanimous by the Convention.

Hon. Edward Everett of Massachusetts, was nominated by acclamation for the Vice Presidency. The Convention then adjourned.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION. The Republican National Convention assembled at Chicago, on Wednesday of this week, for the nomination of a candidate to the Presidency. We are not sufficiently posted to be able to announce beforehand, with any degree of certainty, who the unfortunate individual is to be; but we are willing to risk our reputation as a Yankee in guessing that one of the following named persons, all of whom have been named as a understood to be anxious for the distinction, will be selected, viz: Seward, McLean, Bates, Chase, Wade, Lincoln, Cameron, Fremont, Banks, Fessenden, Read. The list of candidates for the Vice Presidency is so large that we shall not attempt, with our limited space, to enumerate them, but must refer our readers to the long catalogue of members of Congress, past and present, Governors and Ex-Governors, and other distinguished individuals, with an honorable record to their names, who have already served their country, and are undoubtedly willing to do it again—for a consideration—in that of any other capacity. We hope to give more definite information of the doings of the Convention next week.

REPUBLICAN DELEGATES. The following are the delegates from this State to the Republican National Convention, which assembles this week at Chicago:

At Large—George F. Talbot of Machias, Wm. H. McGillis of Bangor, John L. Stevens of Augusta, Remond Cran of Portland.

First District—Mark F. Wentworth of Kittery, Leonard Andrews of Biddeford.

Second District—Charles J. Gilman of Brunswick, Wm. S. Ward of Portland.

Third District—Nathan G. Hinchborn of Stockton, George W. Lawrence of Warren.

Fourth District—C. A. Wing of Winthrop, J. S. Baker of Bath.

Fifth District—Samuel F. Hersey of Bangor, George Hathorn of Pittsfield.

Sixth District—John West of Franklin, Washington Long of Fort Fairfield.

FUGITIVE SLAVES. Two negroes concealed themselves on board the steamer S. R. Spaulding, which conveyed the New England delegates to the Charleston Convention, hoping to make their escape from servitude by the means. One of them, named Blocker, was discovered in a coal bunk, when a few days out, by one of the crewmen. He claimed to be a free man, born in Kentucky; but the captain of the steamer determined to send him back to Charleston. Accordingly the negro was put on another steamer, which they had fallen in with, bound to Baltimore, with instructions to forward him to his owner.

The other fugitive, named Norris, belonging to Thomas Dixon of Georgia, and about 35 years old, as we learn from the Boston papers, succeeded in reaching Boston undiscovered, and being assisted by friends who had been apprised of his arrival, was put upon the road to Canada long before any of his democratic fellow-passengers were aware that they had been made involuntary accessories to the escape of a fellow-creature from bondage. We do not imagine, however, that they felt very badly about it when they found the poor fellow had been securely placed beyond the reach of recapture or rendition.

CONTAGIOUS. The great "prize fight" between Heenan and Sayers has spread the infection in our midst, and sundry small imitations have sprung up in various places, and among others in Merrimack county, Mass. On Thursday last, Michael Leavitt, of Lowell, and Harry Finch of Boston, fought a regular ring fight in Hooksett, N. H., at which crowds of backers and friends were present. Both had been for some time in regular training, but after twenty-two rounds Leavitt was considered sufficiently beaten, and Finnegan was declared the victor.

LOSS OF A MAINE SHIP. The ship *Roger Stevens*, of Brunswick, foundered at sea about three weeks ago. She was an A1 ship of 1066 tons, commanded by Capt. Turner, and owned by Capt. George Scofield & Sons, of Brunswick. The chief mate, Mr. Conway, was picked up twenty-four hours after from a piece of the wreck. The cook and five others were also rescued, and possibly others on board, as a barque was seen in the vicinity at the time. The barque *Western Sea* and the brig *Rockingham* rescued those above named.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE. A large meeting of the friends of General Houston, from all points of the Union, was held at Metropolitan Hall, New York, on the evening of the 11th inst. The Baltimore, Charleston, and other Conventions were repudiated, and a determination expressed that the people would make their own choice for President.

THE oldest firm in the carpet business in the United States, is said to be Messrs. Ballard & Prince of Boston, who have been engaged in the business about half a century.

THE oldest firm in the carpet business in the United States, is said to be Messrs. Ballard & Prince of Boston, who have been engaged in the business about half a century.

THE oldest firm in the carpet business in the United States, is said to be Messrs. Ballard & Prince of Boston, who have been engaged in the business about half a century.

THE oldest firm in the carpet business in the United States, is said to be Messrs. Ballard & Prince of Boston, who have been engaged in the business about half a century.

THE oldest firm in the carpet business in the United States, is said to be Messrs. Ballard & Prince of Boston, who have been engaged in the business about half a century.

FIRES IN WATERTOWN.

The Mail that a small unoccupied house belonging to Mr. William Moor, on the river side of the street, at the head of the plain, was destroyed by fire on Monday night last.

On Wednesday morning, about 3 o'clock, fire was discovered in an old unoccupied building, situated on the Blanchard premises, known as the "hay barn," and formerly used as a wash and blind factory. Before the engines could be got into position, the fire had extended to other buildings, which were destroyed. These consisted of a building occupied by J. S. Symonds, with some machinery, &c.; the Redington Mill, recently put into running order at a cost of about \$500; the dry-house of Furish & Drummond, the valuable lumber it contained being badly charred; also a pile of boards between their dry-house and factory was destroyed. The fire was arrested by the brick building of Messrs. Furish & Drummond, occupied by them as a wash door and blind factory. The Mail speaking of these gentlemen, the former of whom was once a citizen of Augusta, says:

"The many mills we have had at that point, the ash, blind and door factory of Messrs. Furish & Drummond, in the building of Mr. D. Moor, is all we have left. Once these gentlemen were burnt out almost entirely, and now they suffer quite a loss, and this time they have no insurance, being unable to procure it. We know that while the other individuals damaged by this fire will receive the sympathy of this community, the Furish & Drummond family, for while their enterprises they are doing much for the material prosperity of the place, they are earning an honorable reputation for themselves wherever they are known, which is a matter of pride to the community, and we can come to them, as follows: Furish & Drummond about \$900; Blanchard property about \$2000; J. S. Symonds between three and four hundred dollars; Silas Redington, about \$1000."

FIRES IN MAINE. On Wednesday morning last, about 3 o'clock, the house of Harrison Hayford, in Belfast, as we learn from the *Journal* was destroyed by fire. Mr. Hayford has charge of the poor of the city, who are lodged in a separate building, and the fire was discovered issuing from the poor house. The flames had made such progress that scarcely anything was saved from the premises. Mr. Hayford thinks that but for the discovery and alarm of Nolan, they must have all perished. House and furniture insured for \$1200 and \$2200. Supposed to have been set on fire.

The large barn of W. R. Hunt & Co., in Liberty, was totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday night of last week; also probably a large amount of bark. No particulars of the amount of loss; we understand that it was insured to the amount of \$15,000.

The barn of Alexander McLean, of Molokus, was destroyed by fire on Sunday afternoon last, together with five tons of hay, farming tools, wagon, sleigh, &c. Loss about \$500; no insurance.

Two barns belonging to Mr. Jos. Reed in Byron, were burnt on Sunday the 29th ult.; loss not stated.

The dwelling house of Mr. Thos. Akers, at Saccapaus, was burned on Tuesday night last. At Skowhegan, on Monday night of last week, the stable of Mr. Daniel F. Hubert, and the stable of the old parsonage house, owned by Capt. W. F. Robinson, were destroyed by fire. Loss about \$600. Insured.

On 6th inst., the house and barn of Mr. Ekanah Andrews, at Exeter, were destroyed by fire. The fire took in the barn, and was caused by sparks from burning woods near at hand.

On Tuesday night of last week, a barn and the part of a house owned by Hon. F. O. Smith, in Portland were destroyed by fire. Mr. Smith's mother occupied the premises.

On Friday afternoon, the house of Jesse Atwood, in Orrington, occupied by his own and son's family was entirely destroyed by fire which broke out from a defect of chimney. A portion of the furniture was saved. Loss about \$1200. No insurance.

We learn from the *Bridgton Reporter* that a very severe fire has been raging in the woods in the southeastern portion of that town, during the last few days, and doing heavy damage. Several land owners have suffered materially, and the fire is still going.

COW QUESTION. The following petition presented to the City Council of Bangor is not insupportable to these parts. We give it place both for its reasonableness, and applicability.

To the City Council of Bangor: The undersigned, a citizen and tax payer, for himself and in behalf of suffering humanity, hereby enters his solemn protest against a hungry swarm of cattle being turned loose to commit depredations on the cultivators of the soil, and for the following reasons, in part. First, Because the public highways, are designed for travel, and not for public pastures. Second, Because we pay our full proportion of the public tax, and ought not to be compelled to pasture the cows of both rich and poor men, either in our fields and gardens, or fence against them while running in the highways by City authority. Third, We don't think it reasonable or just to be compelled to build and fence for protection against cattle, and then pay for breaking through the same in winter, caused by the fences. Fourth, What grass may happen to grow outside of the traveled way honestly belongs to the owners of the land adjoining, and being private property should not be taken for public uses, other than that of travel, without compensation. Fifth, Because the City Council have heretofore, and we fear will hereafter, overlook the fact that by authorizing the public to use the highways and commons as pastures they become occupants, and by statute law should build one half the fences. Sixth, Because a multitude of other reasons, which we cannot here set forth, but which as the above, force themselves upon the considerations of those most interested, but chiefly the most appalling one, that unless we can have relief from this unjust and cruel drain upon our purses and patience we shall be compelled to abandon the cultivation of the soil, and leave the world in general and our honorable City Council in particular, to pine away and die for the lack of the good thing of this life, which we alone can supply. Finally, to prevent this great evil from coming upon us we ask an act of simple justice that your honorable body will for once exercise a "masterly inactivity" on the subject of cow running at large, and thereby leave us to the protection of statute law, and our own purses, and as in duty bound we will remain honest and industrious citizens. Signed in behalf of suffering humanity "and the rest of mankind,"

JAMES R. MACDONALD, Bangor, April 22, 1890.

DEATH OF S. G. GOODRICH. This well known writer died in New York on the 9th inst., in his 67th year. As "Peter Parley," he has for many years ministered to the instruction and pleasure of the children throughout the length and breadth of this country, as also in other lands. Among his young friends he will have many sincere mourners, while his death will be lamented by all. Possessing considerable ability, and great industry, he has written much that has been found attractive and useful, but his chief talent consisted in putting the materials furnished by others into a pleasing form, and so simplifying and arranging historical and other truths, as to render them intelligible and agreeable to the youthful mind. "Peter Parley" will be long remembered.

SPECULATION IN OATS. The Albany *Journal* states that there are parties in Canada who hold a large quantity of oats, which they intend shipping to England during the summer months on speculation. The amount is variously estimated from 250,000 to 400,000 bushels.

ARRIVAL AND RECEIPTION OF THE JAPANESE EM-BASSY AT WASHINGTON. The steamer Philadelphia, with the Japanese Embassy, consisting of seventy persons, on board, arrived at Washington on Monday.

As the steamer passed up the Potomac, the Japanese artists were quite busy taking views of every point. When the steamer neared Mount Vernon, her whole was stopped and the bell tolled, while the band played a plaintive air. The Japanese artists took sketches of the mansion and grounds. Meanwhile the Japanese informed the strangers of the history of George Washington.

The navy yard was early thronged and there was intense excitement everywhere. At half past eleven a gun announced the approach of the steamer Philadelphia, which soon afterwards reached the wharf, the marine band on board playing the Star Spangled Banner. Mayor Barrett aboard and welcomed the ambassadors in the name of the citizens of Washington. They bowed their thanks. The Japanese were evidently delighted. Club bands were on the river with American and Japanese flags flying, adding brilliancy to the scene.

The treaty box was first brought out; the Japanese followed and Capt. Buchanan as commander of the yard welcomed them in the name of the President and the country, reciprocating the kind feelings expressed by the Japanese government when the treaty was made by the gallant Perry.

A. STEAMER FOR BOSTON.

RSAL
Y
ate from
ception.
ED

The Fast and Elegant Steamer
"STATE OF MAINE,"
CAPT. JAMES COLLINS,
WILL LEAVE the Kennebec for Boston, every MONDAY,
and THURSDAY, as follows: The Steamer "AUGUSTA" will
leave Waterville at 5 o'clock, A. M., and leave Augusta at
12 45 and Hallowell at 1 30 P. M., to convey Passengers and
Freight to the Steamer "STATE OF MAINE" at Gardiner,
leaving Gardiner, leaves Hallowell, leaves Waterville, and

RETURNING.—Will leave Vane's North Wharf, Boston, for the Kennebunk, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 7 o'clock, P. M. On arrival at Gardiner, the "AUGUSTA" will convey passengers to Hallowell (stopping at Page's Wharf, and not at Steamboat Wharf) and Anguilla; and afterwards return to Gardiner and convey Freight to Hallowell, Augusta, and Waterville.

Passengers and Freight are conveyed between Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner free of expense.

bodyline is a
In all cases
us without a
ference, and
is not a per-
can use it
and leaves the
long sought
tural results.
that, besides

JOHN WHEELER, Agent.
Augusta, May, 7, 1860.

Kennebec and Portland Railroad.

SPRING ARRANGEMENTS.

ON and after MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1860, trains
will leave Augusta, for Portland, Boston and Lowell

At 11:15 A. M., passenger trains, headed for Lewiston, arrived at 12:30 P. M., arriving in Boston at 6:00 P. M.

Returning, leave Portland for Bath, Brunswick, Richmond, Gardiner, Hallowell and Augusta at 1:00 P. M., connecting with the Somerset & Kennebec Railroad at Augusta, for Vassalboro', Winslow, Waterville, Kendall's Mills, Skowhegan, and to Kendall's Mills with the Penobscot & Kennebec Trains, for Newport and Bangor, arriving some evening.

The 11:15 A. M. train connects at Augusta with the Somerset & Kennebec train, leaving, however, from Skowhegan, Kent

An additional train will leave Augusta at 6:30 A. M., and Bath at 6:50 A. M., on Mondays of each week, giving an opportunity for going to Portland, and all intermediate towns on the line of the road, and returning same day; also of arriving in Boston the same day for trains for New York, Albany, &c. Returning, leaves Portland on Saturday evening at 8:15 P. M., on the arrival of the train from Boston.

STAGE CONNECTIONS, &c.
 Stages leave Bath daily, (Sundays excepted,) at 9 A. M. and 3 P. M., for Wiscasset, Damariscotta, Waldoborough, Warren, Thomaston and Rockland; leave at 3 P. M. for Winnango, Phillipsburg, Parker's Head, and Small Point Harbor.
 Stages leave Augusta for Belfast on arrival of 3 45 P. M. train.
 B. H. CUSHMAN, *Manager & Supr.*
 Augusta, April 10, 1860.

er has been
ayne.
and has u-der-
All persons
said deceased
I will interest
ventures.

THE FRENCH TIGER
AND
BLACK HAWK BUCEPHALUS.

The celebrated Rock Horse, THE FRENCH TIGER, will start the ensuing season, commencing May 24, as follows, viz:

From Tuesday morning to Thursday night, at Stable of W. D. Bithien, Dover; from Fri-



This, the original French Tiger, is of a light dapple gray, stands over sixteen hands high, and weighs from 1300 to 1400 lbs. He stands a perfect specimen of the largest, most powerful built and strongest limbed fast trotting horse in New England, or the United States.

to immediate
YEATON.
21*

to all persons
published three
at Augusta, in
next, at ten of
they have, why
Judge.

Hawk; Grandeur, Old Black Hawk; g. s. sire, Sherman Morgan; g. g. sire, Justin Morgan. Dam of Bucothalia, the celebrated thoroughbred *Mary Taylor*; she by Bolivar, a noted southern race horse; he by imported *Diamond*. Dam of *Mary Taylor* was by a thoroughbred son of imported *Messenger*.

TAKE-UP—Limp, \$5; Warrant, for good breeding mares, \$8, otherwise, \$10.

♂♂ All mares disposed of before falling time to be considered with foal, as also all mares not tried to the horses at the end of

to all per-
to be published
ated at Angu-
held at Au-
of May next,
se, if any they

14 and 21 days after put the last time; and all colts holden for
payment. No risks taken. Good Pasturage provided. Season
closes Aug. 10th.

Positively **NO VARIATION** in Terms.

SHEPHERD, CUSHMAN & CO.
Dexter, April, 1860. 21 JOHN BURNELL, Agent.

YOUNG BLACK HAWK

IN THE FIELD AGAIN!
THIS CELEBRATED TROTTING STALLION will stand this season as follows:
In Kennebunk, at HOBBS'S PLACE, about one mile from Kennebunk-port village, every day in the week except Saturday, when he will stand in evening, at the Stable of JOSEPH HARDY, Water Street.
TERMS will be this season as follows:—\$7.00 for one use; \$10.00 for the season, one-half to be paid at the time, the balance

if the Mare is with a foal; \$15.00 for a full warrant.

All Mares that are warranted, disposed of before the time of foaling, will be considered with foal. No person need apply for a full Warrant unless they have good Mares.

The proprietor can furnish good pasturage or stabling as desired, on reasonable terms, for all mares that may be sent to, or left with him.

This Horse was sired by the "OLD BLACK HAWK,"¹⁹ he is 10 years old, weighs 1150 pounds, is 16 1-2 hands high, and his

In 1866, he was entered at the Agricultural fair in Exeter, N. H., and took the first Premium. In 1868 he took the first prize premium at the Fair in Saco, Me. He has stood in York and Cumberland Counties, the last three years, where his coats are numerous, and cannot be surpassed by any others of their age.

The owners of "YOUNG BLACK HAWK" intend to present him at the State Fair next Fall, and they challenge any person or persons, in stakes of \$100 or \$200, to meet them there with

any Entire Horse that can surpass him for Style, Action, Beauty, Weight and Speed in trotting to harness or wagons. You have the world to find your horse in. This is no humbug or flattery. What we have not shown, we will try to show you.

We might refer you to owners of colts, and certificates of pedigree, which has been proved in a Court of Justice, but it would make this too long.

All communications must be addressed to

WM. HODGE.

KENNEDY, April, 1900.

Kennebunkport, Me.
Swis

BLACK HAWK TELEGRAPH.



THIS splendid Horse, a son of Old Black Hawk, will stand the coming season, at the Stable of T. S. LAMB, North Vassalboro', at thirty dollars for the season; fifty dollars to warrant. Mares stinted by the season,

not proving what said, will be served second round free of charge. Season closes on 15th of August. Brood mares to be put in charge will be placed in loose box or at pasture, as desired. No risk taken.

Terms cash or approved note at time of first service.

GENERAL KNOX.

This sireny son of Sherman Black Hawk will stand the coming season at the Trotting Park of G. W. RICHES, Esq., Augusta, at twenty dollars for the season; thirty dollars to warrant.

to be given by
of shorn, three
of May next.
Augusts, that all
hair then to be
by the prayer of
J. KERR, Judge.

very necessary that all farmers, and those that have fine mares should call and examine for themselves, for no better gated horse ever lived. I say and will maintain that he can trot one mile in 2.50, and if necessary, I will challenge any stallion four years old this spring in the New England States on any of the trotting courses in Boston, for one thousand dollars, next fall, at fair time, one mile.

Said stallion will stand at my stable for the improvement of stock, near the east end of Kennebec Bridge, for the season.

term, five, eight and ten months service, to close by the first of August. Terms cash or approved note.
 August 1, 1866. 17 JOHN SHAW.

Young Dud.
 THE SUBSCRIBER, who has recently purchased, at a high cost, for the purpose of perpetuating his stock, the superior four year old Stallion, **YOUNG DUD**, hereby announces to the public, that he will

Augusta, that all
believe them to be
the prayer of said
K&R, Judge.

resub. 21


Those who are desirous of raising stock combining strength,
speed, beauty, courage and endurance, are requested to call and

factory,
GREEN FOR
been awarded


TERMS of service at the low rates of \$4, \$5 and \$8. Season
to close August 15th.
Roadfield, April 30, 1860.

D. W. HAINES.
201f

DEVONS FOR SALE,
FULL BLOOD AND GRADE,
BY JOHN F. ANDERSON, South Windham.
FULL BLOOD DEVON BULLS of distinct


 families.
 PRESUMPTUOUS, calved in 1887.
 ANDERBOUGGIN, calved in 1887.
 Also imported AYRSHIRE BULLS SACO, calved in 1889;
 BIDEFORD, calved in 1890.
 Pedigrees furnished on application.

The Young Leopard.
 OTHER WIRE BONES OF THE METCALF BULL.


 will be kept this season, for the use of cows, at the farm of SIMMONS GOODWIN, near Purgatory Mills, in Li chfield.
 Edd Bull is a grade Durham, and took the second premium at the State Fair in 1850, and the West-on Bull, sired by him, took the first.
 TERMS—One dollar by the season, to be paid at the first service.
 JOHN BLAKE. sw214
 Monmouth, May 7, 1860.

Dr. Robbins,

THE DISCOVERER of the NEW REMEDIES for EPILEPTIC FITS and other NERVOUS and CONVULSIVE DISEASES, No. 3, Haverrhill street, Charleston, S. C.

He has treated over Five Hundred Cases successfully. "Truly," as was remarked by the New York Independent, "Dr. R. has made the world his debtor by the discovery of these remedies."

Manufactories in
Facts for Sewing
and employment

Dr. B. would, for a fair compensation, impart to a young physician his new mode of treatment and new remedies—which would be a fortune beyond peradventure. 3w28

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of FOSB, OWEN & CO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to said firm are hereby requested to make payment. And all accounts due said firm are hereby acknowledged. 3w19

Men.
MEN to engage
Beautiful Art.
We will guarantee
by addressing
D.D. & CO.
Well, Mass.

MAGNIFYING 400 times. Four of different powers mailed for \$1.00.
C. B. UNDERWOOD,
Sm21 114 Hanover street, Boston.

Grass Seed for Sale
AT HALLOWELL.
A LARGE assortment in store and for sale at the lowest Market prices by
J. B. BROWN

W. G. ADAMS.
Sole Agent.
Hallowell April 12, 1865.

BONE MEAL AND OAKUM at Wholesale or Retail by
ROBINSON & MULLIKEN.

FLOUR, CORN AND RYE at No 6, Union Wharf.
J. HEDGE & Co.

The Muse.

For the Maine Farmer.
TWILIGHT REVERIES.

BY REV. W. M. BARNARD.
That golden view
Of twilight hours,
When shadows softly draw;
Oh, how divine
The living light
That stirs the western lawn!

Those columns pale
To parting day,
With light and rapturous air;
And border night
With living light,
Till evening comes with stars.

The world grows still,
And visions rise
With forms of light and love;
While shadows fall
With darkening pale,
We mount on wings above.

There, wondrous fair,
The purple air,
In that ethereal space,
Where angels smile,
And forms beguile,
With dalliance here unknown.

There beams of light
Dissolving night,
Break forth of heavenly mould,
In brilliant dyes
Of fairer skies
Than this lowly world.

Our faithful day
Of radiant ray,
Poured from celestial sun;
Shines on the sea,
While ages roll
Around the eternal throne.

In that high joy
Of heaven's employ,
Those forms to us so dear
Gazing we see
Their ministry,
Seraphic tones, we hear.

Discreet of earth,
In nobler birth,
Their lofty spirits shine;
They teach the fire
With kindling fire
In ecstasies divine.

While angels roam,
With thunderous roar,
Swirl the loud seas round;
Till swelling tide
Of ocean wide,
Shakes the empyrean round.

There beauty shines
In living hues,
In uncreated form;
In glorious pride,
With empire wide,
Undimmed by blackening storms.

There star-eyed truth,
In ecstasies shine,
Unfold its widening scope;
Dazzles and gleams
With clouded beauty,
And crowns the immortal year.

No living breath
Is left in death,
No hollow surge of life;
The full-orbed light,
Out-dazzling night,
Breaks forth from pole to pole.

That heavenly scene,
So fair—serene,
Provides with rich delight;
While deepening gloom,
Here builds the tomb,
Of over-arching night.

Those tremulous dyes
On western skies,
Where mingling lights shed
Such lovely tints,
On darkening air,
O'er earth and ocean wide.

They softly show
From scenes of woe,
Fair footprints of the way;
Soft tints of light,
With clouds of prayer,
That lead to endless day.

That portal gate,
Where, as we wait,
Angels from love's abode,
On crimsoning light,
In chariot bright,
Bear us to the world above.

The Story Teller.

THE PHANTOM BRIDE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"Will you love me even beyond the tomb?"

The question came from the vermilion lips of a young girl at a fancy ball in Paris during the reign of Louis XV. She was a brilliant brunette, with abundant raven hair, and wore the Spanish veil and mantilla which she had assumed for the occasion, with all the grace of a daughter of Andalusia. Her interlocutor, a young Viscount of twenty, arrayed as a page of Mary Stuart, in Scotch plaid and Highland bonnet and feather, had been pursuing the fair unknown all the evening with protestations of love and eternal fidelity. Her answer was prompt and unhesitating.

"Yes, I swear it. If I die I will dream of you in the sepulchre, and a thrill of joy will welcome you if your foot but press the grass over my head."

"And if I should die?" inquired the young girl, in a sad tone.

"If you should die, I will be as faithful to you dead as living; and if you should be permitted to visit me I will kiss your cold hand with as much love as at this moment"—and he pressed to his lips the little white hand of the beautiful Spaniard.

"Ah, well! I permit you, then, to love me. We shall see if you will be constant. Farewell; we shall meet again."

"But where—when?" demanded the Viscount, anxiously.

"I cannot tell. Perhaps here—perhaps elsewhere—but you will see me." And with a gesture which forbade him to follow her, she disappeared in the crowd.

Two years passed, during which Viscount-Ralph sought vainly at Marly, at Versailles—in every place of public resort—for his beautiful unknown. He was a Scotchman by birth, and, like many of his countrymen, had entered the service of the King of France. But a court life did not comport very well with his slender fortune, and he became, ere long, deeply involved in debt.

"You must find some rich heiress," said his sympathizing friends—it was the resource of all embarrassed gentlemen of the day. But the Viscount had not forgotten the bewitching Andalusian, and was in no mood for the search. He was spared the trouble however. His uncle, who was archbishop in partibus of an Assyrian city destroyed by the Romans, informed him, one day, that he had found a wife for him.

"Is she rich?" inquired Ralph. "I do not ask if she is pretty—it is all the same to me."

"Very rich and very pretty."

The Viscount thought of his unknown, and sighed; then thought of his creditors, and consented. The uncle arranged everything, and when all was settled he gave his nephew his benediction and two hundred pistoles, and sent him off to Burgundy to pay his respects to Mlle. de Roche Noire, whom he was to marry in a fortnight.

A gloomy journey of several days duration brought him at length to the ancient feudal manor-house of Roche Noire, situated in the heart of a forest, on a lofty rock, from which it derived its name. He was expected. The grand door of the mansion was open, and an aged servant met him at the threshold, and conducted him to a large hall at the extremity of which sat an old man and a young girl. The former, whose hair was divided at once to the Baron of Roche Noire, rose at his entrance, and in saluting him in the somewhat formal fashion of the day, presented him to his daughter Hermine. The latter had the delicate beauty of the flower which had un-

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

folded under a northern sun. She was pale, with fair hair, and eyes of the deep blue of an Italian sky. Her figure was slight but graceful, her hands exquisitely shaped, and transparent as alabaster. So much the Viscount saw as he bent low before her betrothed, and in spite of his professed indifference he inwardly congratulated himself on his good fortune.

The Viscount and baron exchanged the usual reciprocal compliments and inquiries. Ralph was accustomed to society, and understood well the art of making himself agreeable; the baron, spite of his seventy winters, had not forgotten how to be a courtier, and Hermine had the simple grace, the dignity, the modesty without prudery, of a young girl of high birth, religiously educated, but without any rigidity. The conversation soon became animated and sparkling, while Ralph watched Hermine, and now and then murmured to himself, "She is charming! blessings on my uncle for finding me a wife at once so pretty and so rich."

When supper was announced he offered his hand to the young girl, who accepted it with a blush, while the baron led the way to the dining room. It was a lofty apartment, furnished in the massive style of Louis XIV, and upon the walls were suspended ancient family portraits. As Ralph's eye glanced over them, it was attracted by one whose features formed a striking contrast to the smoky canvases of the defunct barons of Roche Noire. It represented a young girl of dazzling but foreign beauty, such as is only found under southern skies. A more brilliant daughter of Spain never danced the bolero in the perfumed gardens of the Alhambra. The eyes of Ralph were fixed immovably upon the canvas; the first glance had told him it was his long-lost unknown of the fancy ball.

"When supper was announced he offered his hand to the young girl, who accepted it with a blush, while the baron led the way to the dining room. It was a lofty apartment, furnished in the massive style of Louis XIV, and upon the walls were suspended ancient family portraits. As Ralph's eye glanced over them, it was attracted by one whose features formed a striking contrast to the smoky canvases of the defunct barons of Roche Noire. It represented a young girl of dazzling but foreign beauty, such as is only found under southern skies. A more brilliant daughter of Spain never danced the bolero in the perfumed gardens of the Alhambra. The eyes of Ralph were fixed immovably upon the canvas; the first glance had told him it was his long-lost unknown of the fancy ball.

"Come, my dear Viscount," said the baron, "let us be seated."

Ralph started and obeyed, then turned his eyes from the portrait to Hermine. In contrast with that glowing beauty she appeared to him utterly insipid. He made some remark about the picture. The baron did not reply, but a cloud passed over his face, and Hermine turned pale, and sat silent with downcast eyes. A chill seemed to be thrown over these three persons, who now talked so joyously. Brief remarks were made occasionally, in a constrained tone, and the supper ended almost in silence. At its close the Viscount made the fatigue of his journey an excuse for retiring early. As the servant was conducting him to his apartment, they passed through the dining hall.

"Where portrait is this?" he asked, pointing to the picture of the lady.

"The servant hesitated.

"It is the portrait of Mlle Fulmen," said the old man, trembling.

"And who is she?"

"The elder sister of Mlle Hermine."

"But she is dressed in Spanish costume."

"Yes her mother was a Spanish lady."

"And Fulmen, where is she now?"

"She is dead," said the old man solemnly.

"She lies at the left of the altar in the chapel of the chateau."

Fatigue had no power that night to bring sleep to Ralph's eyelids. It was in vain that he extinguished the candles, and buried his head under the blankets; the image of Fulmen still pursued him. Now, it was Fulmen radiant with beauty, as she was represented in the picture, and as he had seen her at the fancy ball; again, it was Fulmen, pale and cold, extended in her coffin under the pavement of the chapel. Then he remembered his oath to love her as well dead as living, and a cold sweat bathed his brow. At that moment a light at the opposite extremity of the apartment attracted his attention; a door, whose existence he had not suspected, turned noisily on its hinges; the candles relighted themselves spontaneously, and a figure draped in a winding sheet, entered the room and approached his bed. It advanced slowly; the most acute ear could have detected no sound of footsteps. Brave as he was, the Viscount trembled at the apparition. When the figure was within a few feet of the bed the winding-sheet was thrown back, and revealed a young girl dressed in a Spanish costume.

"Fulmen!" he murmured; "the picture has descended from its frame!"

It was indeed Fulmen, just as she was painted, save that the lips were pale, the eye mournful, the whole expression conspicuously sad.

"Fulmen!" repeated the Viscount, with a tone of terror, in which was mingled a sort of feverish joy.

"It is I," she said, "do you remember your oath?" They have told you that I am dead.

The teeth of Ralph chattered; but the voice was so pure, so melodious, that it aided him to shake off the terror which was creeping over him.

"No you are not dead," he exclaimed, with an effort.

"I have been dead a year," replied Fulmen, sadly. "They buried me in the chapel. You can read my epitaph on the marble slab, the third from the high altar."

Ralph could not detach his eyes from this singular creature, whose marvellous beauty counteracted in some degree the terror which the apparition would otherwise have caused.

"Alas!" resumed the specter—draping the shroud about her form with all the coquetry which a living being might wrap an opera cloak around her—"I am dead, really dead, at seventeen; when life was full of light, and perfume, and music; when tears, even, were so sweet as they resembled smiles; when the present was so happy that the future was quite forgotten. And then I loved you. I trusted in your oath; and you didn't care for me. You have come here to marry my sister."

"Fulmen!" murmured Ralph, who felt a pang of remorse at his heart. "I have loved you; I love you still."

"The dead are never loved," she said, sadly.

Ralph trembled. He felt his blood curdle in his veins. He remembered his oath. Yet Fulmen did not complain. She did not overwhelm him with reproaches. She seemed resigned. He saw her lean her head upon her hand, a tear shone in her eye, and a shiver passed through her frame.

"I am cold," she said, rising from the chair in which she had seated herself, she approached the fire-place, and bent as if to warm herself by the half-extinguished brands. "The dead are always cold," she murmured.

"Reverend," exclaimed Ralph, you are not dead; but dead or living, you are beautiful, more beautiful than any living woman, and I love you as on the day I first saw you."

"The dead are never loved," she repeated, mournfully.

"But you are not dead. The limbs of the dead are rigid; the flesh corrupt; they are insensible; they cannot walk; they cannot speak; you are not dead—it is impossible."

"I am dead," repeated Fulmen, in a tone of authority which admitted of no question; "dead—and yet I suffer."

"You suffer!" the Viscount exclaimed.

"Yes. Because I died with a guilty thought in my heart. I remember the ball where I met you. It was earthly love not penitence, that engendered my lust here. Yet if you who are alive can love me still, God will perhaps pardon me, and I shall suffer no longer."

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"I do love you," cried Ralph, gazing at the young girl so beautiful in her sadness. Yet a secret voice said within him, "Ah! if she was only alive!"

A pale smile passed over the face of the phantom. It rose and advanced toward him. Ralph immediately shrunk back at its approach.

"You see," she said mournfully, "it is always so. The living fear the dead."

"No, no!" said he, eagerly, ashamed of the momentary terror; "no, Fulmen, my beloved, come."

She extended her hand, and took that of the young man. Ralph uttered a cry. His hand was pressed by the cold, clammy fingers of a corpse. She let his hand fall.

"No," she repeated, in a half-softened voice, "you see it cannot be. I shall suffer always."

And she fled; while Ralph was so overwhelmed that he had no power to speak or move. The candles went out suddenly; silence reigned again in the chamber; the phantom had vanished.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful. The Baron de Roche Noire, who did not appear to notice the pallor and abstraction of his guest, proposed a hunt. The day was spent in the open air, and, amid the excitement of the chase, the Viscount thought of the occurrences of the last night, they seemed to him only as a bewildering dream. But with the return of darkness, and especially at the sight of the picture, the apparition again seemed to him a reality, and he determined to ascertain the truth. Pleading a headache, he retired to his room, and extinguishing the candle, he called, softly:

"Fulmen! Fulmen!" There was no answer.

"Fulmen! I love you, though dead."

Immediately the candles were re-lighted, and Fulmen again appeared. She threw off her winding-sheet and seated herself in a chair by his side. Her face had the cadaverous paleness of the tomb; her eye was sad; her step slow and painful; yet her exquisite beauty exerted the same fascination over Ralph as when sparkling with life and vivacity.

"Fulmen, I love you," he repeated, gazing at her with admiration.

"Yet if my hand should touch yours," she replied with a sad smile, "you would utter a cry as you did last night; the dead are always cold."

"Give me your hand, and you will see," said Ralph, extending resolutely his own. She took it, and again there came over him the same terrible sensation as before; but he had self-control enough to conquer it, and again to repeat:

"I love you!"

A bright smile illumined the features of Fulmen.

"My poor friend," said she, "I would gladly believe you; but if your love would end my sufferings, it must be so profound, so ardent, that I can conquer even the desire to live. A tomb with me must have attractions for you. And you are but twenty-two, Ralph. At your age life is sweet."

The Viscount shook his head.

"To live without you is death; to be united to you, even in the tomb, would be life."

"Take care, my friend."

"Of what, dear Fulmen?" exclaimed Ralph, over whom the smile of the young girl seemed to exercise an overpowering fascination.

"Do you know," she said, "that if you utter such a wish, God may hear your prayer?"

"Ah! if he would! An eternity by your side would be infinite happiness."

"Ralph, my friend," interrupted Fulmen, with a smile of celestial joy shone in her face, "take care; you will die if you love me!"

"I wish to die."

"But you are betrothed to my sister."

"An exclamation of anger escaped him.

"I hate her!" he said, vehemently.

"Why?"

"Because she is alive, while you are dead. What has she done that she should enjoy the light of the sun, the perfume of flowers, the melody of birds?"

"Ralph, you are unjust. My sister had no control over her destiny."

"You are right, perhaps; but I swear to you that I will never marry Hermine. I wish to be yours, and only yours, forever."

"You are mad, my friend; I cannot accept happiness at such a sacrifice."

She rose slowly.

"Adieu, Ralph," she said. "Marry Hermine and pray for me."

"Fulmen! Fulmen!" exclaimed Ralph, falling on his knees at her feet. "Do not abandon me—I love you!"

"But your love is death."

"It is happiness. It is life."

"Listen, my friend," she said at length, as if she could no longer resist his entreaties, "in this casket," pointing to a richly carved box which stood upon the table, "there is a phial containing a dark liquid."

"And this liquid?"

"It is death!"

"It is happiness," exclaimed Ralph, seizing the casket.

Fulmen stopped him by a gesture.

"Not yet," she said; "by-and-by—at midnight—but first reflect!"

Immediately the candles were extinguished, and he found himself in complete darkness.

If Viscount Ralph had been a Frenchman, as so much as Fulmen disappeared, he would have opened the window and let the cool night air play upon his brow. Then, the fiercer fit being over, he would have said to himself:

"All this is folly. I am twenty-two years old, an officer in the king's service, and am about to marry a young girl, blonde as a Madonna, fair as a lily, who will bring me an income of a hundred thousand livres. I have only to be quiet, and let things take their course."

After which he would have slept quietly, and dreamed no more of Fulmen. But Ralph was a Scotchman, with an imagination as susceptible of exaltation as most of his countrymen of the land of mountains and mist. As soon as the phantom vanished, he re-lighted the candle by the aid of a half-extinguished firebrand, and, opening the casket he took out the phial.

"Fulmen! Fulmen! wait for me! I am coming!" he murmured, and swallowed the contents at a draught.

For a moment he experienced a strange and inexplicable sensation; a coldness in the chest; a heat in the head; then his eyes became heavy; his limbs trembled; an extreme languor crept over him, and he sank upon the floor, still murmuring faintly:

"Fulmen, wait for me—I love you."

When Ralph swallowed the contents of the phial, he expected to awake in the other world. He was mistaken. The phial contained only a narcotic, and he was very much astonished, on opening his eyes, to find himself in bed, and to see the sun shining through the curtained windows. A woman sat by the bedside. It was Fulmen! but no longer the pale, and Fulmen, with livid lips, and form enveloped in a winding-sheet; but Fulmen, fresh, radiant, joyous, in the same costume which she wore at the fancy ball.

The reader will understand the explanation of all this more readily than the young Viscount,

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

MRS. WINSLOW.

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her

SOOTHING SYRUP,
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation, will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is

STRENGTHENING THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

We have put up and sold this article for over ten years, and we believe it to be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

This medicine is prepared by the prescription of one of the most experienced and skillful Physicians in New England, and has been used with never failing success in

THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

SOOTHING SYRUP.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

STRENGTHENING THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

SOOTHING SYRUP.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

STRENGTHENING THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

SOOTHING SYRUP.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

STRENGTHENING THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

SOOTHING SYRUP.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

STRENGTHENING THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

SOOTHING SYRUP.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

STRENGTHENING THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

SOOTHING SYRUP.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

STRENGTHENING THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

SOOTHING SYRUP.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

STRENGTHENING THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and the child will be the best and most useful ever put up, and we are confident that it will give rest to yourselves, and Relief and Health to your Infants.

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
and overcome